

The Farmer ;

To which are added,

Lilies of the Valley.

Young Allan.

Last may a braw wooer.

The careful Wife.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Macnie,

1825.

THE FARMER'S TALE.

THE FARMER'S TALE.

Come each jolly fellow that loves to be mellow,
Attend unto me and sit easy ;
One jorum ia quiet my boys we will try it.
Dull thinking will make a man crazy ;
For here I am king, let us drink, laugh, and sing,
Let no man appear as a stranger ;
But show me the ass that refuses his glass,
And I'll order him hay in a manger.

By plowing and sowing, by reaping and mowing,
Dame nature supplies us with plenty ;
I've a cellar well stor'd, and a plentiful board,
And my garden affords every dainty
I have all things in season, both woodcock and
pheasant.
I am here as justice of Quorum ;
In my cabin's far end I've a bed for a friend,
With a clean fire side and a jorum.

Were it not for my seeding, you'd get but poor
feeding.
You would surely be all starv'd without me ;

I am always content when I've paid my rent
 And happy when friends are about me ;
 Draw close to the table my boys while your able,
 Let me hear no words of complaining
 For the jingling of glass is no music surpasses,
 I love to see bottles a craicing.

Let the mighty and great roll in splendour and state,
 I envy them not I declare it ;
 I'll eat my own lamb my own chickens and ham,
 And I'll shear my own sheep and I'll wear it.
 I've lawns and I've bowers, I've fruit and I've
 flowers,
 The lark is my daily alarmer ;
 So my jolly boys now, that follow the plough,
 Drink Long Life and Success to the Farmer.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

O'er barren hills and flowery dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry songs and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours,
 Tha' waundering thus I never could find
 A girl like b'ythesome Sally ;

Who picks and culls and cries aloud.

"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,

From nestling of each tree,

I chose a soldier's life to wed,

So social gay, and free;

Yet tho' the lasses love me well,

And often try to rally,

None pleases me like her who cries,

"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now returned of late discharged

To see my native soil;

From fighting in my country's cause,

To plough my country's soil:

I care not which with either pleased,

So I possess my Sily

That little merry nymph, who cries,

"Sweet lilies of the valley."

YOUNG ALLAN.

The sun in the west fa's to rest in the ev'ning,

Ilk morn blinks chearfu' upon the green lea:

But ah! on the pillow of sorrow aye leaping,

Nae morning, nae ev'ning brings pleasure to me.

O! waesu' the parting, when smiling at danger,
 Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae :
 Cauld, cauld now he lies in a land amang strangers,
 Frae friends and fare Helen for ever awa'.

By the sik on the mountain resists the blast rairin',
 Sae did he the bruat o' the battle sustain,
 Tili treachery arrested his courage sae darin',
 And laid him pale lifeless upon the drear plain.
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' its cleadin',
 In summer again it blooms bonny to see ;
 But naething alas ! can e'er heal my heart bleedin'.
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

LAST MAY A BRAW WODER.

LAST May a braw wooer came down the lang glen
 And sair wi' his love did he deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, to believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to beliefs me.

He spoke o' the darts in my bonnie black' e'en.
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying.

A weel stocked mailen himself for the laird

And marriage aff hand were his proffers,

I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,

But thought I might get waur off'rs, waur off'rs,

But thought I might get waur offers.

But what wad you think? in a fortnight or less,

'The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the leng' leap to my black cousin Ross,

Gue's ye how the jade! I could bear her, could
bear her,

Gue's ye how the jade! I could bear her,

But a' the seist week as I fretted wi' care,

I gaed to the trys: o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,

I glowl'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

I glowl'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But cwre my left shouther I gae him a blink,

Lest neebours might say I was saucy,

My wooner he caper'd as he'd been in drink,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthly and sweet,

Gin she had recover'd her hearin'

7
13.

And how her new shoon fit her auld shacheld feet,
But heavens how he fell a swearin' a swearin',
But heavens how he fell a swearin'.

He begged me for gudesake I wad be his wif;
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

THE CAREFUL WIFE

HARK, gentle Jane, the huntsman's horn:
Now chides my longest day:
Mark ! cries Jean—see the hazy morn,
Proclaims the cheerless day.
To hunt the stag, the fox, the hare,
Fresh health these sports impart:
Cries Jane, dear John, oh ! pray forbear,
For danger wings Death's dart;
 Yoicks ! tantivy ! soho !
Dear John, cries Jean, your spirits spare,
 Of tantivy— O, beware :

See : gentle Jane, Aurora bright,
 Her beams burst thro' the sky :

See ! cries Jane by that genial light,
 The magic of this eye.
 To chase the stag, the fox, the hare,
 Should joys domestic yield ?
 Cries Jane, dear John, avoid the snare,
 That lurks in danger's field.

Yoicks ! tantivy ! soho :
 Dear John, cries Jane if life's your care,
 Of tantivy— O, beware :

Now, gentle Jane ! I mount my mare,

And spurs clasp to her side :

Now, cries Jane, where's the tender care

You swore to me, your bride.

I'll chase the stag, the fox, the hare,

Though Death in ambush hide !

Cries Jane, dear John, of fate beware.

Lest mischief should betide !

Yoicks ! tantivy ! soho :
 Now John convinc'd, dismounts his mare,

Of tantivy— O, beware !

FINIS.